

The Pinkerton Critic

March, 1938



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The Pinkerton Critic

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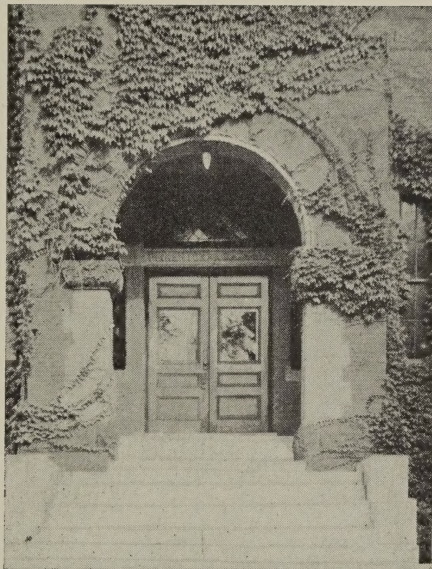
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-- Pinkerton --



DERRY VILLAGE,
N. H.



EDITORIAL



OUR NAVAL EXPANSION PROGRAM

Before the end of the current fiscal year, contracts totaling over two billions of dollars will, in all probability, be awarded to numerous private construction companies for new naval material. A new naval base will be constructed, over two hundred new attack planes will be ready for use, and several new vessels will be plying our waters. All of this depends, of course, upon the passage of our Naval Expansion Program now before the Senate Naval Committee.

Why should we handle the terrific expense of such an undertaking? Just because the European nations are having a little trouble in their own back yard? At any rate, if the Program is approved, we will have to bear a National debt even larger than it is at present. It appears that the nations of the world have failed to learn a very important lesson. "You can't keep up with the Jones' without serious consequences."

However, it is a well known fact that there are but three coastal defence stations along the whole Atlantic seaboard. One really can't blame a nation containing over one hundred and twenty million people if they desire adequate protection. They pay for it in the long run, so they should be entitled to a little security.

For one thing, the American people should be thankful that the Senate Naval Committee made a complete investigation of the defence situation. We know now the exact strength of the system. We know our army is undermanned, that our navy is too small and that our air force compares favorably with any air force in the world. If knowledge is happiness, then we should be contented and that is where danger lurks.

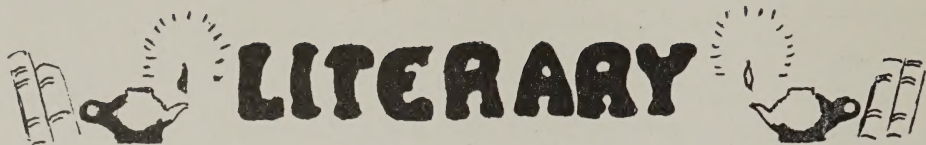
In conclusion let us say that the people now have a very good idea of what our defence system lacks, if they choose to take action they should notify their Senators and Congressmen. This is still a government by the people, of the people and for the people—if the people wish to vote and take an interest in their government.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

How noble he looked standing there with the collar of his stiff coat high on his neck. The nearby light shone brightly on his powdered white hair. He had thin tight lips and blue eyes. His eyes were shadowy because of the light, yet I could tell he was looking toward me. Toward me, yes, but through me, not even noticing my presence. He looked as if in another world, watching something strange and great, like the life of a nation.

I tried to hail him, but in vain. Slowly the realms of imagination faded away and I continued to gaze at a postage stamp.

Vincent Cassidy, Jr., '41



AN APOLOGY FOR MOVIES

If the artists in America are to live today, they must come forth and learn to speak the current language of humanity. The motion picture is above all else today that language. It is the dream world of the workers. It belongs to the millions. How powerful, how terrible, how grand this Dream World may be! A factory girl is transported to the palaces of kings and queens. The road worker has spread before him the secret lands of Africa, Tibet, Bali.

In the hands of Hollywood lies the future spiritual destiny of millions of Americans. The creation of a film should be a matter as demanding as the creation of the Symphony. It should be done with fire, with inspiration. Every element should be worked over, finished, beautified. Music in the films is an element which should intensify the message of the script and the camera to the heights of great art.

Today, as the immediate result of motion pictures, Americans are beginning to discover their own personalities and to desire their own culture. Those deep feelings which now are beginning to stir darkly in the souls of everyday men, are real. Motion pictures are further aiding these aspirations to flower into genius. In the future they may well upward to the stars.

The Cinema Capital has worked against terrific odds. It has not sprung out of the fullness of a great universal feeling. And somewhere, as the industry continues, there will arise from the depth of America, a mysterious national essence and yet be such that everyone in America can claim it as his own.

Virginia Bloomfield '39

THE LEGEND OF WHITE HORSE CLIFFS

In the White Mountains there are some cliffs known to the people in the surrounding towns as the "White Horse Cliffs". To the human eye they appear to be white, with the faint outline of a horse carved by Nature's hand, on their faces. At the base of the cliffs there flows a river, leisurely making its way through the valley.

Many years ago there lived at the base of the cliffs on the bank of the river, the few remaining red-men of a once powerful tribe, known as the Talansi Indians. At the time of this story there were about one hundred Indians left. They had as their chief, a wise old man called Spotted Eagle. He was loved and respected by his people.

About ten miles from the Indian village was a small fort, where a few white men lived. These white men had befriended the Talansiis many times.

One day the Chechawags, the deadly enemies of the Talansiis, attacked the fort, and massacred all the people except one small boy, who, after seeing his mother and father killed, escaped unnoticed on his father's white farm horse.

For many days he wandered through the woods with the horse, eating what berries he could find. One evening, just as it was growing dark, he came upon the village of the Talansiis. Some of the Indian women fed him and gave him a blanket in which to sleep. The next day he was taken before the chief, and by signs and the few Indian words that he knew, he told the old chief his story. The chief, when he heard who had ruined the fort, took pity on the boy, for he knew from experience that the Chechawags were a bloody nation. With a very solemn ceremony he adopted the boy and made him a member of the tribe. He was called the "Young Chief", because they could think of no other name, and also because he would become chief some day for the chief had no other sons.

As the years went on, the tribe grew smaller and smaller. The whit boy married a beautiful Indian girl, and finally, when the old chief died, he became chief of the Talansiis.

From time to time they were attacked by unfriendly Indians, and each time they lost more men.

In the Spring, the river beneath the cliffs flooded and overflowed. This had caused much discussion among the Indians, for they had always tried to think of a suitable name for the cliffs. Part of them thought that the overflowing was caused by the anger of some god, and they therefore thought that the cliffs should be named for that god and thus appease his anger. Others thought that the cliffs should be named for the image of the horse on the face of the cliff. Each Spring the Talansiis moved to the top of the cliffs, where they remained until the river receded.

One Spring, while the Indians were still on top of the cliff, the Chechawags attacked them by surprise. These Indians hated all white men, and therefore hated "Young Chief", now a middle-aged man. As there were only a few Talansiis left, they surrendered at once. Then the Chechawags made an agreement with the Talansiis, that if their chief would surrender himself to the death that they wished to give him, the others could go. All the Talansiis protested, but before anything could be done, "Young Chief" mounted his white war horse, and jumped over the cliff, as this was the death the Chechawags wished him to have.

The next day the remaining Talansiis named the cliffs "White Horse Cliffs" in memory of their dead chief. Untrue to their word, the Chechawags killed the rest of the Talansiis, but they, also, called the cliffs "White Horse Cliffs", and passed it down to their sons and grandsons.

Today it is called by the same name, and when we speak of those cliffs, let us, like them, remember the brave white chief, who sacrificed himself for his fellow men.

Marion Richardson '40

THE CITADEL—A. J. CRONIN

There are many reasons why "The Citadel" by A. J. Cronin has been and still is a favorite among the book clubs and critics during the past several months.

It appeals to not only professional people but also to the great masses of people who read purely for pleasure.

The story concerns itself with the life of a doctor, Andrew Manson.

As a young man, Manson's struggles and disappointments in attempting to maintain his own ethical standards, which are to him, his "Citadel," and his constant failures, serve to embitter him to a world cruelly devoid of idealism.

This rising bitterness is checked for a time when he meets a woman, Christine, who believes in him and for what he stands.

But the competition between standards and wealth proves too great for him. Coming in contact with the rich society doctors of London, fundamentally interested in the accumulation of wealth—at the expense of rich women—he, at first, condemns them, but later, as money becomes more of a necessity, in spite of his wife's warnings, he falls into their ways.

These warnings, which formerly were the incentives which kept him going, now seem to be the naggings of a dissatisfied wife.

Finally, though, his awakening comes, but too late; he and his wife enjoy a new happiness only a day, for then Christine is killed by a truck, while she is crossing a street.

He nearly loses sight of his "Citadel" in his grief, but realizing that she would have wanted him to carry on, he does, and becomes a great doctor.

A. J. Cronin has produced a book of which he may well be proud!

Jacqueline O'Brien '39

THE RIVER

Its deep dark waters rolling along
'Neath the willows lining its shore.
The hundreds of little green colored plants
Lining this river's floor.

A school of small yellow sunfish—
The small fisherboy's greatest pride—
Lazily drift along down the stream,
Swimming side by side.

And out on the calm clear water
The swan boat swiftly glides,
With happy children, girls and boys,
Lining its feathery sides.

The mirror-like surface calm and clear,
Reflecting the clouds in the sky,
And all the time, forever on—
The river goes rolling by.

Kenneth Senter, Jr., '40

THE SMILE HAS IT

What could be more irritating—more maddening to a man who has been a true woman-hater, and a confirmed bachelor for forty-three years, than to have a summons to court by a very irate and decidedly enraged woman who is absolutely positive that he is the husband who had forsaken her.

It certainly is most embarrassing for the man found in that predicament; and for the police, whose job it is to straighten things out, the situation is, I can assure you, afflictive.

A gentleman friend of my acquaintance was recently walking down one of Boston's busiest streets, when a woman chanced to come out of an antique shop.

Through no effort on the part of my friend, the woman spotted him and ran at top speed for police officer Riley on his beat. She informed this enforcer of the law that my friend was her husband, and more emphatically she decreed that the police held a warrant for desertion for the self-same gentleman.

Imagine the gentleman's surprise and astonishment when his promenade was abruptly interrupted by the strong hand of the burly Irish policeman on his arm, and was questioned as to his identity. The woman very forcibly insisted that the astonished man was the husband with whom she had lived for eighteen years.

Thoroughly baffled, the big Irishman bundled both parties off to the police station at North End, and went in search of the officer in charge of the Bureau of Investigation.

Even in this place of law and order, things were not very much better with the woman frantically waving her umbrella at my friend, who just as frantically insisted that her accusation was most ridiculous, and more than that, he had never seen her before.

Finally they got hold of a description card of the woman's missing husband, and it was at this point that things became most complicated.

My friend fitted the description almost to the letter—but not exactly.

The woman, with all that "cock-suredness" for which her sex is known, persisted that she should know the man she had lived with for eighteen years, if anyone should.

My friend, thoroughly exasperated by this time, brought forth his identification blanks and other papers that would help to prove that he was himself, and most certainly was not the husband of this enraged woman by his side.

But the police could not take these papers alone as proof, for any man could easily accumulate the same documents during four years' time under an assumed name.

But suddenly, Officer Riley's Irish intuition prompted him to ask the fuming woman, "Can't you remember anything more about your husband?"

"Yes, I can," she replied. "Make him open that mouth of his and take out his false teeth. That will prove I'm right!"

At this point a genuine, unrestrained grin broke upon the face of the "supposed husband," and so wide was that grin that it displayed as fine a set of natural teeth as any man could desire.

That was the final touch. With hasty apologies, the woman, now fully confused and embarrassed to the "n'th degree", took her umbrella and departed, leaving behind a disgusted and outraged bachelor vowing before the law that if that was an example of married womanhood, he would certainly compliment himself on his ability to remain free, white, and forty-three!

Esther Crossley '38.

TURN THE DIAL PLEASE

"And now, my friends, I take great pleasure in presenting to you once again our mutual friends—Rubinoff and his violin."

By means of the fragile network of wires, the deafening applause of studio visitors is carried to the listeners at the other end of the wire. We were so busily engaged with our conversation that we had failed to notice just that brief suggestion of a pause.

And just as we unconsciously paused a moment, over that same network of wires and without further introduction, the tremulous, majestic tones of Rubinoff's ever-faithful instrument came to our awaiting ears. Dad, seated in the most comfortable chair the living-room afforded; Mother, with her nearly finished knitted suit; Dickie and Jane seated on the carpeted floor, engaged in a game of jack-stones—yes, each was busied with his respective task, but not too preoccupied to be aware of the unduplicated presentation of every violin player's ideal.

Marconi will never know what he has given the world. I would ask: Who is there who has never gone to his home after his daily tasks, and almost as if by a second nature, given a slight twitch to one of three or four little knobs on the front of that taken-for-granted instrument, which we call—the radio? If there are many families who do not possess a radio, I am convinced that these are decidedly in the minority.

I wonder how many people are actually aware of what value the radio has proven itself. Looking at the question from a certain viewpoint, we may readily consider what it has done for the benefit of the radio audience in regard to vocations and avocations.

It has not been my privilege to converse with a person who has taken what is advertised as the "Correspondence School Of The Air." But I have had opportunity to read some material describing its objectives, and its accomplishments. All in all, it seems to be a very beneficial course to indulge in, if one's education is not what it could, or what it should be.

"We pause just a moment for station identification." The previous words are spoken in the nasal tones of a masculine voice. We wait for further developments, and it seems an eternity before our favorite "Swing Band" is announced.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Benny Goodman and his "Swingers of Swing." Our introductory piece is a most recent swing arrangement of Loch Lomond. So, take it away, Benny!"

And for thirty minutes everything stands still while the world thinks, speaks, and acts in time and in tune with Benny Goodman.

As in everything else, we must take the bitter with the sweet. Our "sweet" things (in this case) may be our Dance Siestas, various skits, National Barn Dance or our weekly Hit Parade. Hemmed in at the beginning and at the end, the "bitter" surrounds the "sweet." Alka-Seltzer's alkalizing abilities; Ovaltine's mystic sleeping potions; Karo, and what it did for the World's quintuplets; Drene and its incomparable shampoo ingredients are just a few of our "bitter pills" in the kingdom of radios.

As we try to balance the two sides, we really are not the losers. If, as a member of the American public, each of us is able to resist the advertisements of this, that and the other supercolossal product, the "bitter" would become an obsolete characteristic of our radio world.

Do you recall the Duke of Windsor's abdication speech? Radio made it possible for America to hear him proclaim his loyalty to the "woman I love".

Our complete analyzation proves the assets of the radio. By a mere flick of a finger we may attend an R C A musicale, a Hollywood Hotel Revue, an opera, Rockefeller Center's Rainbow Room, and the Brown Derby all in one evening.

Radio's varied program is unsurpassed. And although we must take all the advertising if we want our program, we must be patient, immune to flattery, and above all, sensible.

So, turn the dial to station W-K-N-U, if you will, please, and we shall continue our evening's radio revue.

Doris Wilson '38.

Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

For the Blue! For the White!
 We will honor Truth and Right,
 Fight and Fairness with us stay
 And we'll always lead the way!
 '38! '38! '38!

The Seniors continue on their way to a most successful year!

I'm sure you'll all be interested to learn that the Senior Play was a grand success. Tuesday evening, February 1, found the crowd winding its way to the Adams Memorial Hall for the classic of the year, the Senior Play. A. E. Thomas wrote "Come Out Of The Kitchen"; Miss Billings directed the production, and the following excellent cast presented it:

Olivia Dangerfield	Lucille Morrison
Elizabeth Dangerfield	Leona Dumont
Mrs. Falkener	Corienne Shea
Cora Falkener	Antoinette Pieroni
Amanda	Eileen Morrison

Burton Crane	Wilfred Lee
Thomas Lefferts	Joseph Tangney
Solon Tucker	Samuel Gelt
Paul Dangerfield	Raymond Ainsworth
Charles Dangerfield	Alfred Roy
Randolph Weeks	Wilbur Fay

Several "Vic" dances have been successfully sponsored by the Senior Class. The Class of 1938 wishes, at this time, to express its appreciation for the support given the dances by the other classes.

Have you seen those remarkable pieces of jewelry the Seniors are wearing? If you haven't, just take a look at the class rings which were made by the L. C. Balfour Company, and we Seniors are mighty proud of them.

Time does not permit us to enumerate further the events of this class, so we will bid you "farewell" for this issue. Watch for our "Year Book".

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Ever upward, onward go!
 To the fight and finish slow,
 We're the ones upright and true
 For our banner, gold and blue!
 '39! '39! '39!

Again the Girls' Basketball Varsity was literally overwhelmed with Junior girls! Bernier, Gardner, Hook, Pieroni, Ramsdell, Smith, Sullivan, and Torrey. Perhaps this accounts for our not gaining the Girls' Interclass Basketball Trophy—as there were few remaining players for the class team.

Friday evening, February 11, the class of 1939 sponsored the annual Junior Prom. The hall was very effectively lighted, the chief attraction being the crystal ball which revolved in the center with varied colored spot lights reflecting on it. Blue and gold, our class colors, predominated throughout the decorations. On the stage was Ed Harvey's orchestra, which appears to be our favorite.

If the cast which appeared in "Happy Days" continues to make such a hit, who knows but what someday they'll say good-by to P. A. and go to Hollywood! Mr. Wheelock directed the following cast which provided many laughs on March 24:

Mr. Kline	Edward Dasky
Mrs. Kline	Theresa Bernier
Lucile	Virginia Smith
Betty	Freda Gardner
Paul Patterson	Robert Frye
Mrs. Ida Fuller	Marilyn Hamilton
Larry Day	Chester Gordon
Geneva	Lucile Mercure
Herman Brown	Laurance Morse
Rosemary Smith	Arline Duvarney

The class of 1939 is glad to welcome the following new members to its folds:

Glenn Wright, Nashua, N. H.
Bernard Roubin, Revere, Mass.
Marjorie Davis, Quincy, Mass.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

With some pep, with some cheer,
The Class of '40 was welcomed here.
Here we are—Here we stay.
Come on '40—Lead the way.
'40! '40! '40!

The Sophomore class began the second school term under the direction of their capable adviser Mr. Gaskill, but little did anyone realize it was going to be such a successful term.

We are proud to state that three deserving Sophomores received their Varsity football letters for the 1937 season. They are "Charlie" Ackerman, "Johnny" Byrnes and Foster Ball.

Basketball season opened and many Sophomores reported for practice. The Sophomore class was also well represented on the varsity team.

The Sophomore boys and girls were very successful in class basketball this season. The girls played off their entire schedule without losing a game.

The unbeatable Sophomore boys for the second time defeated their sister class to keep in their possession the prized trophy.

That is all for this time, friends, and we hope to have as much good news for you in the next issue.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Green the sea, white the sails,
Forty-one's our crew.
With fight and sport we'll reach the port,
And bear our vessel through!
'41! '41! '41!

The Freshman Class elected its officers for 1937-38 just before the Christmas recess.

They are as follows:

<i>President</i>	LOUIS DI PIETRO
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN KISSEL
<i>Secretary</i>	MARCIA SMITH
<i>Treasurer</i>	DONALD GAGNE
<i>Student Council</i>	BARBARA WESTON
	VINCENT CASSIDY

The Class of 1941 has chosen Green and White for its class colors and the banner hangs from its place in chapel with those of other classes. We are now fully fledged members of the academy.



The Roving Reporter

DERRY VILLAGE, New Hampshire
March 9, 1938

Dear Roving Reporter:

As pupil and teacher in Pinkerton Academy my days were "days of pleasantness" and my memories are all happy ones, as before my mind's eye pass the faces of dear friends and I live over again the joyful days full of fun and frolic.

My school life was passed in the old Academy that was moved to its present location when the new brick building was erected.

My introduction to the Academy was a tearful one. I was only eleven years old and when I entered the front door, no one noticed me.

The girls were busy chatting and primping before the little 10"x12" mirror, the boys seemed very large and so noisy they nearly scared me to death!

When the bell rang for assembly, I did not dare go upstairs but waited until all was quiet and then, creeping up softly, stood weeping beside the huge wood-box just outside the open door. After what seemed hours, probably only a few minutes, a big boy, seated near the door, beckoned to a nice girl who came like an angel of light and led me to a front seat. From that moment I knew that I "belonged" and the love that immediately filled my heart has remained undiminished through these many years.

On the opening day of each term a set of printed rules was read to us for our guidance. Church attendance was required twice on Sunday, study hours five evenings a week, beginning at seven o'clock, and Section IX was made especially emphatic. This rule read as follows:

"The members of the male and female departments must not associate together in walks, rides, parties of any kind or otherwise, without permission of the Principal."

To the credit of those in authority be it said that permission was usually freely given to the conscientious who anticipated the need, and excuses accepted from the truly penitent for breaking the rules.

Flying footsteps were not infrequent sounds in the evening as someone tried to reach home before the last echoes of the study bell at seven p. m. should die away.

Monday mornings, with the roll call, reports were given of any infringement of these rules during the previous week.

"2—5 perfect" meant attendance at church twice, study hours kept for five nights and no other rules cracked or broken.

"1—4 imperfect" meant one church service, one study hour disregarded and some rule or rules passed over lightly or deliberately.

Explanations were made at the desk immediately after roll call.

I was also at the desk to report some neglect of duty, the nature of which I do not now recall, but I very distinctly remember the twinkle in the eye of the boyish teacher (for he was only twenty-two and quite fond of escorting young ladies home), as he said, with well assumed severity, "We will see what your father has to say about this matter."

As we returned to our desks I whispered, "What do you suppose he will say?"

He replied emphatically, "He will say he is glad there is one boy in this town who is gentleman enough not to allow a girl to go home alone in the dark."

Suffice it to say nothing more was ever heard about the case. Section IX gradually faded from public notice and remains a tradition only.

Every Wednesday different classes read, before the whole school, compositions, not contracts or projects, or recited poetry or prose selections.

I can seem to hear the ringing voices of those boys who were really gifted as orators and who thrilled us as we listened appreciatively to extracts from Cicero's orations, from Shakespeare and other fine selections. The girls also spoke pieces but naturally their choice was of the tender and romantic type, girls being as they were—and are.

Examinations were such in spirit and in truth, not written but oral, conducted by the members of the examining board of trustees, who knew their subjects and who soon found out what we knew, or did not know.

I remember particularly the examinations in Latin and Greek by Rev. Charles Tenney and Rev. David Bremner.

It seemed as if they knew by heart every word in the books, and no slip in translation or grammar was too small to pass unnoticed. To go through this ordeal of questioning with the members of the class and all the pupils in the room listening, required fair control of one's nerves.

A low bow by one of these examiners to the principal, when a pupil had survived and answered satisfactorily, was a sure sign of "passing."

Graduation exercises were held in the church before the new building was erected.

I have always been very proud that my class was the first in the history of the school to have the members of the class and a few from the school body furnish the music at Commencement.

We were also the first class to give Class History, Prophecy, Initials and to hold a reception in the evening when the music, both vocal and instrumental, was by members of class and school.

When Association Hall was completed an excellent dancing teacher from Manchester formed a class, the first ever opened in town.

Immediately the Pinkerton pupils were informed that no one attending the Academy would be allowed to join this class, the penalty being suspension.

There was much criticism of course but the rule remained.

My wise mother said, "It is a very foolish rule but we must abide by it, but mark my words you will live to see dancing permitted in Pinkerton Academy."

I have indeed lived to see it allowed and to note that it is quite a necessary accomplishment for social enjoyment though not yet a requirement for admission.

Much of the serious side of life came to us and the years went by, and I am sure all my associates left school with sincere regret.

We are proud to watch the constant growth and increasing influence of our beloved school.

Sincerely yours,
Carrie C. Pettee.

PLYMOUTH NORMAL SCHOOL,
Plymouth, New Hampshire

March 10, 1938

Dear Roving Reporter :

I write to you from the paradise of skiers. To this rather peaceful town, nestled in the valley of the Pemigewassett, mother of the Merrimack, come hundreds of skiers each week-end. Some of them can ski and others apparently don't know the first thing about it from the many holes in the snow, but they all seem to have a grand time. Mount Frontenac is just outside the town and it is to this resort that most of the skiers come. They find the ski tow there a great attraction for the most of them would have to unharness their skis to get back up the hill. It seems quite strange how much easier it is to fall downhill than up! Also, the ski school has attracted many would-be skiers. The students here at the school hold ski classes of their own. We expect to have good skiing here until the end of the month but one never can tell what Dame Nature has in store for us.

There are about two hundred students here, all but twelve of which are of the opposite, weaker sex. Although we are outnumbered we do our best to uphold the "chivalry" of man. One might think that because of this scarcity of male students, there would be almost no social life, but we find that the opposite is true. Usually we have dances every Saturday evening and there are parties given frequently under the direction of the Social Club. Besides these entertainments there are many clubs to which one may belong. They are numerous and cover such a wide territory that one can always find one in which he is interested.

All the students are preparing to teach and you begin at once to teach, even if it is your own class. Everything is taught from the teacher's angle and it usually is obtuse. Most of the work for the Freshman year is background preparation.

It will interest some of you to know that the President of this Institution is Doctor Ernest L. Silver, a native of Salem, New Hampshire, and a graduate of Pinkerton Academy. He was also Principal of Pinkerton from 1909 to 1911, when he accepted the position of Director here.

One of the most interesting as well as educational features of the school is the Student Government. There are forty-nine states in the Union, the forty-ninth being Plymouth Normal School State. Instead of having the council form of government we have a government modelled after the state of New Hamp-

shire. The Governor, Council, House of Representatives, etc., are all elected by the students and they proceed to govern the student body under a constitution granted by the President and the Faculty. Anyone who violates school laws is brought before the student judges and they proceed to mete out justice to the culprit. It makes the students take a lively interest in the affairs of the school and promotes better school citizenship.

A feature of school organization which was entirely new to me was the Social Club. This organization takes charge of all the social functions of the school. Every student belongs to this club and helps to elect its officials, who organize the social gatherings. This does away with the flurry of class parties.

We follow eagerly the events of the school year at Pinkerton and each triumph of Pinkerton is a triumph for us. This is because the famous indoor sport of Plymouth is to boast and uphold the achievements of their respective alma maters.

In closing, may we, Hope Barker '34, Patricia Mack '35 and myself, extend to you all our best wishes for a successful and happy commencement.

Sincerely yours,

Norton Bagley.

Basketball

Bong—ng—ng! Guess what? That's right The Pinkerton Academy athletic notes are again brought to you through the courtesy of the manufacturers of those fine and glorious cars, the De Luxe cars. Buy a De Luxe car, a car that has the pep, power and endurance that those Pinkerton boys possess.

Since the time is limited, I will now proceed with the Pinkerton Basketball news and give you a brief summary of the games that Pinkerton has played during the season.

On January 6, Pinkerton opened the court season by defeating St. Joseph's "strong" team by a score of 33—19. The game was a remarkably fast one in which the Pinkerton boys showed their strength by using an unpenetratable zone defense.

The second game, however, was not as successful as the previous one. Pinkerton was defeated by Sanborn on Thursday afternoon by a score of 30—17.

Overlooking their last defeat, the boys courageously entered the game with the Tilton Junior Varsity on January 12, but through divine odds, they were defeated by a score of 20—19. The figures of the score are enough to convince you that it was a very exciting game.

Despite the two previous defeats, the team made a gallant "come-back" by defeating Methuen 26—21.

In a game in which the lead was many times exchanged, Pinkerton was defeated by Lawrence High 21—12.

Scoring only 21 points in a return game with Sanborn, the Pinkerton boys were again defeated when their opponents outscored them by 8 points.

The "Booster Night" game on January 29, was undoubtedly one of the best that ever took place in the Legion Hall. The preliminary game between the Seniors and the Sophomores furnished many thrills when the Sophomores were overtaken by their superiors by a score of 17—14. In the main event of the night Pinkerton defeated Tilton Jay-Vees 39—23.

Pinkerton scored an easy victory over Methuen in a return game on February 3. Pinkerton scoring 34 points, outscored Methuen by 22 points.

On February 9, in a return game at Manchester, Pinkerton bowed to St. Joseph's High before a gathering of approximately 500 fans. The final score was 23—16.

And now to give you a few inside facts about the Pinkerton team.

Wilbur Fay was the heaviest man on the team while Robert Holm was the lightest.

The following names of players are listed according to the number of points each man scored throughout the season:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Points</i>
Levandowski	82
Latulippe	35
Fay	34
Provencher	27
Holm	25
Campbell	12
Ball	2

The total number of points scored throughout the nine games that were played is 217 which is an average of approximately 24 points per game.

Although the Pinkerton boys lost five games and won four, the total numbers of points scored and the averages per game show that Pinkerton lost victoriously.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Pinkerton Basketball Review, brought to you through the courtesy of the makers of the De Luxe cars, comes to a close. Station PAC signing off. Your announcer, Wilbur Lee, bidding you good afternoon.

Girls' Athletic Notes

AWARDING OF GIRLS LETTERS

The following girls were presented letters in chapel a short while ago by Miss Charlotte Carpenter and Miss Elizabeth Aldrich: Eileen Morrison, Doris Wilson, Ruth Brooks, Ruth Bagley, Louise Pieroni, and Theresa Bernier.

BASKETBALL

Basketball seemed to be the most popular sport this year among the girls. An extra large number of enthusiastic girls reported to their efficient coach, Miss Charlotte Carpenter, at the Veteran's Memorial Hall.

Miss Carpenter is popular among the girls and her work is greatly appreciated.

Eileen Morrison was appointed Captain, with Ruth Brooks as manager and Mr. Richard Goyne assisting in coaching the team.

Several worthwhile practice games were played with the Alumnae, and Hampstead High School, to keep the girls in trim.

The inter-class games were commenced with a game between the Seniors and Juniors. I will not give the score of this game as it might embarrass the Senior Girls. Of course we take into consideration the fact that the Seniors are getting old.

The following are the results of the inter-class games, with the Sophomores claiming the trophy:

<i>Class</i>	<i>Games Played</i>	<i>Games Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>
Senior	8	3	5
Junior	8	6	2
Sophomore	8	8	0
Freshmen A	8	0	8
Freshmen B	8	3	5

PINKERTON TIES WITH SANBORN

On January 13, 1938, in a breath taking game the Pinkerton Girls tied with Sanborn. It was a game filled with thrills for it seemed that every time Pinkerton tried to make a basket, the ball would roll around the edge of the rim and fall out instead of in.

Both teams were in good condition and of course the result was a fast and exciting game.

Louise Pieroni was high scorer in this game, scoring eleven out of nineteen points. The final score was Pinkerton 19, Sanborn 19.

PINKERTON EXCHANGES WITH SANBORN

In a return game played at Kingston on January 25, Sanborn and Pinkerton tied once again. Sanborn was ahead at the end of the first quarter, but Pinkerton rallied and the result was a tie 15-15.

As a result of these two games we find that the two teams are pretty well matched. Both teams exhibited fine co-ordination.

PINKERTON EDGES CATHEDRAL BY A SCORE of 14-13

The Pinkerton team scored its first victory over St. Joseph's at the Veterans' Gym after a hard fought battle.

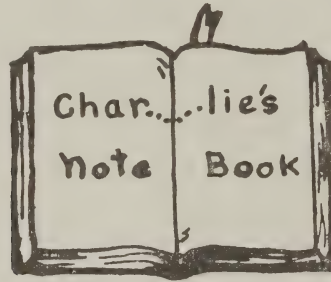
Pauline Senecal showed the over excited spectators what a real thrill was when she dropped the ball through the basket in the last minute of play. In this game the girls showed that they could come through fighting after playing a game of chin-up basketball

PINKERTON DROPS FIRST GAME OF SEASON

The Pinkerton squad met with its first and only defeat of the season when Cathedral triumphed over Pinkerton Academy in a game played at the St. Joseph's Gym.

Thus ended the basketball season of 1937-1938. The kind assistance and efficiency of both the coaches (Miss Carpenter and Mr. Richard Goyne) is greatly appreciated.

The Pinkerton Girls Basketball Squad consisted of the following girls: Eileen Morrison, Pauline Senecal, Leona Dumont, Freda Gardner, Louise Pieroni, Grace Hook, Virginia Smith, Theresa Bernier, Doris Ramsdell, Dorothy Sullivan, Barbara Torrey, Ruth Bagley, Kathryn Fay, Eleanor Hutton, Virginia Gratton, Pearl Bellavance.



Mr. Wheelock: "Bennett, give an account of the marriage laws of the Greeks."

Bennett: "The marriage laws of the Greeks were something like our own. No Greek man was allowed to marry more than one wife. This system was known as Monotony!"

Clark: "How come you write so slowly, fella?"

Stevens: "I gotta. My girl can't read very fast."

Our idea of perfect cooperation is when all of the freckles on a girl's face come together and make a beautiful tan.

The government must be in good shape, why only last Saturday the Editor wanted to start an additional bank account but after conferring with the Bank President, he changed his mind. The government only wanted \$10.00 for Federal Tax, \$5.00 for State tax, \$2.00 for County tax, \$1.00 for City tax, \$.40 for Social Security and \$.10 for old age compensation.

Moral: It's cheaper to buy a toy bank and let your relatives use your money.

Gedney: "Ma, if the baby were to eat tadpoles would it give him a big bass voice like a frog?"

Mother: "Good gracious, no! They'd kill 'im."

Gedney: "Well, they didn't."

College Student (listening to orchestra): "What music! Doesn't it just carry you away?"

Pal: "Yeah, but not far enough."

"So you are refusing me! Haven't you even a good word for me?"

"Well, yes, George, I admire your taste!"

"Do you sing bass?"

"No, rotten."

"My car picks up great."

"Want to sell it?"

He: (Coaxing) "If I kiss you this once, no one will be the wiser."

She: "Oh yes, they will."

He: "But who?"

She: "You, next time."

After being for thirteen days exposed to storms and adrift without food, the sailor cries when returned to his wife.

"Can you blame him?"

Pa Hilberg: (Car jolting over rough road) "Terribly rough, isn't it?"

Messery: "But I shaved this morning!"

Hamilton: "Is there anything worse than being old and bent?"

Wells: "Yes, to be young and broke."

Crossley: "What would you give for a voice like mine?"

Gonye: "Chloroform."

Provencher: "Look and see how much gas we have, will you?"

Fay: "Well, it points to one-half, but I don't know whether it means half-empty or half-full."

Davis: "All the good looking fellows around here are awfully conceited."

Myatt: "Oh no! I'm not."

"Is this the weather bureau?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about a shower tonight?"

"It's all right with me, take it if you need it."

Neighbor: "Is this your ball, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Any windows or anything broken?"

Neighbor: "No."

Tommy: "Thanks. It's mine."

Mr. Clark: "Who would George Washington have been if we had lost the war?"

Red: "George Washington."

"Do you like to get out of bed to take a cold shower?"

"I should say not."

"So, you object to cold showers, eh?"

"No, but I object to getting out of bed."

Teacher: "Sonny, can you define water for me?"

Student: "Yes, it is a colorless liquid that turns black when you wash your hands."

Teacher: "What can you tell me about Thomas Jefferson?"

Student: "He was born a gentleman, but he died a Democrat."

Mr. Crooker: "What are the training rules for basketball?"

A. Joyce: "To be on the basketball squad every girl must be out at least three nights a week."

Boy: "My bed is as soft as a pin cushion. How is yours?"

Friend: "Well, mine is something like that except mine feels like the pin cushion with pins in it."

Teacher: "Sonny, can you give me the definition of a cantelope?"

Student: "Yes sir. It is four-legged animal with horns."

Patient: "What! Three dollars to pull this tooth? Three dollars for three second's work?"

Dentist: "No, not necessarily. If you'd rather, I can worry it for half an hour and then pull it out by slow motion. Just as you say."

"I just made up a poem out of my head."

"Ummmmmm. Blank verse, no doubt."

"Well boy, I hope you know enough to be useful in this office."

"Oh, sir, I will. My boss fired me because he said I knew too much."

Young Girl: "What can I do, Doctor? I always see spots before my eyes?"

Doctor: "Maybe you need glasses."

Young Girl: "What! So I can see them better?"

"What are you writing?"

"A joke."

"Well, give her my regards."

He: "What did the doctor give you? Did it do any good?"

Friend: "It won't do me any good."

He: "What was it?"

Friend: "His bill."

M. Davis: "Did I leave an umbrella here yesterday?"

S. Gelt: "What kind of an umbrella?"

M. Davis: "Any kind. I'm not fussy."

Mr. Harriman: "If you added seventy-six thousand, nine hundred and twenty-three to eighty-one thousand four hundred and twelve, what would you get?"

Jensen: "A wrong answer."

Schurman: "That gal I dated last night sure had affectionate eyes."

Johnson: "What do you mean affectionate eyes?"

Schurman: "I reckon they're affectionate—they looked at each other all the time I was with her."

Visitor: "If your mother gave you a large apple and a small one and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?"

McKay: "Dije mean my little brother or my big one?"

Mr. Signs: "Who will drive this car away for \$50?"

MacPherson: "I'll take a chance. Where's the money?"

Wife: "Have you seen this? There's a report in the paper of your death."

Absent Minded Prof.: "Is that so? We must remember to send a wreath."

Squad Leader: "I heard the battalion commander called you a blockhead. Is that right?"

Myatt: "No, sir, he didn't make it that strong. He just said, "Pull down your cap, here comes a woodpecker."

E. Morrison: "Has anyone seen my hat?"

D. Wilson: "Sure, you've got it on."

E. Morrison: "Right, and I have. It's a good thing you saw it or I would have gone home without it."

Tangney: "Well, good-by, Ed and bad luck to you."

Nieciejewski: "Good luck to you, sir, and may neither of us be right."

Miss Aldrich: "How much are the eggs your hens lay?"

Mr. Conner: "Fifty cents a dozen, thirty a dozen for cracked ones."

Miss Aldrich: "Good! Crack me a dozen."

Little Willie: "Daddy, does Bigamy mean that a man has one wife too many?"

Willie's Daddy: "Not necessarily, son. A man may have one wife too many and still not be a bigamist."

"Why are you late this morning?"

"I squeezed the toothpaste too hard and it took me half an hour to get it back in the tube."

Jackie was feeling ill—very ill. He staggered off to find a doctor. At last a sign caught his eye—"J. M. Farrell, M.D." and below it was the legend, "First visit, \$5.00—Subsequent visits, \$3.00.

Into the office went Jackie, and with outstretched hand moaned, "Well, well, Doctor Farrell —here I am again."

"It's awful about Sandy. Think of meetin' his end that way—run over by a steam roller."

"Aye. But at least there's one bit of comfort. He was run over sideways, so there's no need of pressin' his trousers for the funeral."

Isn't It The Truth?

A well-regulated husband: One who can't pass the mail-box without feeling in his pockets.

Money: That which will take you anywhere you want to go—except heaven and which will enable you to secure anything you want on earth—except happiness.

Poise: That quality which will enable one to try on a pair of shoes without seeming to be aware of the hole in his stocking.

An opportunist: One who finds himself in hot water and decides that he needs a bath anyway.

Laughter: "A smile set to music.

Life: A one-way street in-so-far-as we're not coming back and a lot of us are headed the wrong way.

An ideal marriage: One in which the wife is the treasure, and the husband the treasury.

The common people: That huge mass of your unorganized citizenry that is bossed around by the organized minority.

A true philosopher: One who, realizing the futility of bottling up sunshine, is satisfied to enjoy electricity.

Advice: That which old men give young men when they are no longer able to set a bad example.

Constituents of a successful committee: Two types of people: some to make speeches, and have their pictures taken, and others to do the work.

An optimist: One who puts a two-cent stamp on a letter and marks it "Rush!"

Honesty: The one business policy that need never be changed to keep up with the times.

A practical politician: One who finds which way the crowd is moving, then elbows his way to the front, and exercises his lungs.

Experience: The only commodity on earth that can't be bought on the easy-payment plan.

A boy: Noise with dirt on it.

A worm: Nothing with a tail.

A pedestrian-of-the-future: He who failed to keep up the payments on his car.

CORRIDOR CHATTER

We hear that the Seniors have the Volleyball and Softball tournaments all sewed up—maybe.

Howard Bunker's romance has been broken up in a big way—Bud, you know how it is.

The editor heard that Schurman and Ainsworth ran out of gas in Haverhill one night. Wonder what the two Sanborn girls thought of that?

Guess Dot Chadwick has graduated to the 280 pound class and has gone in for milkmen. Good for Dot!

Miss Dumont ought to find employment as a commercial bell ringer if what we hear bears weight in the truth column.

Well, Spring and the Class Trip are what the Seniors are looking forward to now. That combination ought to be worth looking forward to, but can they stand the strain?

Mr. Harriman has improved his axe handling. He only lost one through the ice this year. Not bad!

Digging up the past—Mr. Gaskill must have enjoyed himself at the Football Banquet. Quoting Mr. Gaskill, "Seconds, please! Seconds, please!"

M. Hamilton must have lost some sleep lately. Mr. Harriman asked her what a moron was and she answered, "A moron is a man with seven wives."

Membership is open to a selected few in Ray Richard's Rainpipe Club. Free admission to all presentations at Adams Memorial Hall is one advantage of the membership card.

"Technique is everything," or at least that is what Miss Bernier told me.

For the first time in years the Senior boys are rushing the Junior girls instead of the Freshmen girls.

Who is the big fresh-air girl in the Junior Class?

"Dick" Durkee has decided that Sanborn is too far away. Miss Trudel hopes so.

A compensation for being poor: The thrill one gets out of finding a well-worn dime in the pocket of an equally well-worn suit.

Carnegie Institute Football yell: Get that quarterback.

Example of rigid economy: A deceased Scotchman.

Cassidy: "Say Spinach, what kind of a dog have you got there?"

Pelky: It's a Spaniel, Freshy."

Cassidy: "It's lucky he isn't over there now."

THEME SONGS

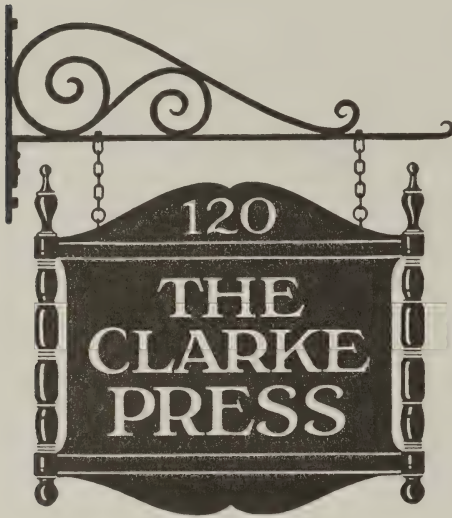
Senior Class	Thanks For The Memory
Raymond Ainsworth	I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column
Wilbur Fay	There's A Gold Mine In The Sky
Lucille Morrison	Charlie Is My Darling
Frank Bennett	I Love To Ride The Horses
"Cammie" and "Loie"	Tea For Two
Alfred Roy	Tap, Tap, Tap On Wood
Every Monday Morning	We're Back In Circulation Again
Prom Night	Moonlight And Shadows
Chester Gordon	Silver Threads Among The Gold
Leona Dumont	Life Begins At Sweet Sixteen
Theresa Bernier	No Other One
Eunice Parshley	Queen For A Day
Wells And Crossley	It's On, It's Off
The Faculty	Am I Asking Too Much
Marjorie Davis	Welcome Stranger
Freshmen	When We Grow Up
Charlie Myatt	Boulevardier From The Bronx
Freshman Building At Lunch Time	The Panic Is On
Doris Wilson	Every Day's A Holiday
Henry Pelkey	Cheer Leader Charlie
Robert Dion	Ten Pretty Girls
Gelt And Levandowski	Shipmates Forever
Albert "Popeye" Hartman	I'm Popeye The Sailor Man
Francis McPherson	Whistle While You Work
Webb, Myatt, Latulippe	Redheads On Parade
Woodbury, Densmore	K-K-K-Katie
Kathryn Fay	We Agree Perfectly
Durkee and Trudel	Doctor Rhythm
"Rusty" Provencher	Born To Dance
Pearl Bellavance	
Barbara Weston	

Jacqueline O'Brien	Beautiful Lady
Frank O'Neil	A Wee Bunch Of Shamrocks
Edith Blake	I've Got My Heart Set On You
Miss Billings	Start The Day With A Smile
Laura Lamondra	A Little Bit Independent
Robert Frye	Carry Me Back To Old Virginia
Anderson and Parks	Always And Always
Kenneth Senter	A Little Chap With Big Ideas
Miss Carpenter	Fifi
Edith Burnham	Connie's (Edith's) Got Connections In Connecticut
Mildred Bellavance	Spread A Little Sunshine
Wilfred Lee	Living In Seclusion
Arthur Lamontagne	I Feel A Song Comin' On
Peter Meresotis	

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